

READ IF YOU DARE



**A COLLECTION OF
GOTHIC SHORT STORIES
BY THE STUDENTS OF JEAN JAURÈS**

COMPILED BY MAELLE BLANCHARD



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THE MONASTERY

WRITTEN BY

SOKHNA WADE

&

NAELLE ZENATI

During the 18th century, the monastery of Veratec, which accommodated little girls who had to become religious, accidentally burnt. At least this was the official reason. There was a curse about the accident. A nun wanted to burn the little girls to accomplish a sacrifice and she would have voluntarily burned the hall of prayer with all the little girls and killed herself. Since this event, the ghosts of little girls have been haunting the ruins of the monastery searching for a young lady to take her to hell.

Part I

During the nineties, in Romania, a group of five friends organized a trip to go to a festival named the Nightside. Neda and Hana were getting ready together.

“Are you okay about that trip with Borko? I mean he’s friends with Nora ?” Neda asked.

“I’m fine with Borko, don’t worry about me,” Hana replied

“Are you sure? Because you look worried about something.”

“It’s just Nora, she meant a lot to me, it’s gonna be weird...”

“Look, I know that, but I don’t have any choice. She’s my cousin...”

“Yeah, I understand, never mind. We are going to enjoy this trip !” Hana finished.

At the same time...

Borko and Juro are waiting for Neda and Hana, in the carriage.

“I’m feeling good about this trip,” Borko said.

“ I know you well, traveling is not your favourite thing, so what makes this trip, unlike the others ?” Juro Asked.

“On this trip, there will be Nora, and I want her to be mine.”

“No way! Are you still into her? Seriously ?”

“Yes”

“OK.” Juro finished.

Neda and Hana joined the boys, Neda greeted them in a friendly way, while Hana greeted them timidly. She was not comfortable with Borko. He was not close to her.

Fortunately, Juro was there to make her more comfortable.

“How’s it going ?” He said.

“Well, thank you,” Hana said.

“Let’s go to Nora’s house, we’re a bit late, she’s gonna be mad...” Neda yelled to get the attention.

Borko started the car and left immediately from there to Nora’s house.

One hour later, they finally got in there. Neda called for her cousin who had just arrived. She was mad about her lateness. She went inside the carriage, annoyed.

“What took you so long ?!”

She got on everyone’s nerves, except for Borko who was happy to see her, even though she was rude.

“It took ages for Hana and Neda to get ready...”

“Borko, that was not necessary.” Juro reprimanded.

“Anyway, hurry up. I do not want to spend the day here !” Nora finished.

“Alright, then let’s go to the festival !” Borko answered enthusiastically.

They were now on their way to the festival. Somehow, the car suddenly stopped. Except for Borko, everyone was astonished.

The car was out of order.

PART II

The group of friends walked through a dark forest trying to find help but they didn't find anything.

"What are we going to do now?" Ask Neda

"I don't know, I should never have come." Reply Nora.

"Wait, what was that?" Juro said, pointing at something that looked like a cross behind the trees.

"Well we just finally found help," Nora said. She started to walk without any hesitation in the direction of the cross.

Her friends followed her.

They finally arrived at a desolate place. As they approached the cross, they noticed that the mysterious cross they had seen was finally a religious one. Hana saw a plaque with something written on it and she read it.

"Guys! Come here, look, it is the remains of an abandoned monastery that burned in the 18th century."

"That's crazy! Let's go inside." Said Borko.

"I don't know if it's a good idea... We should have stayed on the road and walked until we saw the city or something instead of spending the night in an abandoned monastery! It is probably dangerous." Juro answered.

"It's as dangerous as walking on a road during the night," Borko said.

"Yeah I think we should spend the night here," Nora said.

As they finally stepped into the monastery, they felt a strange feeling. The place was eerie and the atmosphere was macabre.

They went into a dark room with liturgical furniture.

"Guys... What is that?" Neda said, holding an old newspaper with a press article that talked about the curse of the monastery. As she read it, she screamed and told her friends about this newspaper article.

"Oh, that's... kind of scary," Nora said, quite puzzled by what she had just learned.

"I don't wanna stay here, I don't feel safe at all." Hana said. At the same time, they heard something falling. They all turned around in silence and looked for the origin of the sound.

PART III

About 10 little girls were standing in the dark side of the room, all dressed in white. Some of them were lacking an arm or a leg and they were all covered in blood but they seemed ghostly. Horrified, the teenagers ran away from that danger.

They arrived breathless in a hallway. When they finally stopped, they looked at each other and realized that Hana wasn't there.

"Where is Hana ?!" Juro asked.

Juro started to get mad.

"Borko, you had only one thing to do! Gas up the car! If only you had done it!! It's all because of you! If you had done what you were asked, then you would have never ended up there !"

"It's not my fault okay! If you had left Nora and me alone together, maybe I wouldn't have to do that!"

A silence fell.

"To do what Borko ?" Neda said.

"hum... I didn't gas the car up to have a chance to get along with Nora..."

"Are you crazy ?! What if we were in danger ?!" Said Neda.

"Can you guys stop yelling at me? All she had to do was run faster"

"You are so selfish," Neda said, disgusted by the attitude of Borko.

"Well, so I guess you don't need me anymore," Borko said, offended. Upset, he walked in the opposite direction of the group of friends.

"Where are you going like that Borko?" said Nora indifferently.

"Away from you !" Finished Borko.

Borko found a strange room with an old portrait and he stared at it then he heard the voice of a woman.

"You look lonely and scared..." said the voice

"I'm not scared, I just want to come back to my house," Borko replied.

"I can do that for you if you bring me something..."

"What?"

"Burn a girl alive and bring the body here."

"And I will come back to my house?"

“Yes, and you will forget everything that happened today. You will be Happy”

“Okay”

The group of friends was searching for an exit when suddenly Borko appeared and killed everybody without any exception.

MC DERMOTT'S CASTLE

WRITTEN BY

**MONA LUCANO
&
GASPARD BERNHEIM**

Preface

Shanna O'Connor, a young lady who was eighteen, was living in Kinsale in the depths of Ireland. She had long, large, curly and red hair. She also had magnificent blue eyes and a lot of freckles. Shanna was very short around 4'9".



This girl was very sociable and extraverted so she had a lot of friends in her high school. Even though she had a lot of friends, she also had a close circle of four friends. Her four friends were very different. Maeve, Shanna's best friend, had brown and curly hair. Like Shanna, she was very sociable and she loved to have fun. Cassie was a little less sociable. She had short blond hair and green eyes. Emily, the most rational in the group, had long, straight and black hair. She wore glasses and had a lot of good grades at school. Finally, Holly, the youngest in the group, was Shanna's sister.

Shanna had never had a first love, or any relationships and her friends were laughing at her because of that. She had never been good at school, because she had never liked it. She preferred going out with her friends, which was the case that evening.

On the other hand, there was Nathaniel Mercurius, a young man of whom we don't know his age. He was very tall, around 6'2". He lived on a little island, in McDermott's Castle with his friends, around Kinsale. This castle was abandoned and gloomy.

It had been a year since he had regularly moved house with his four friends. The four boys were a little like the four friends of Shanna but in the men's version: Jasper, Nathaniel's best friend, Edward, Cadogan and Justin.

Part I

It was a bad day. A rainy day without any sun. The type of day Shanna hated. As usual, during the last period of every Friday afternoon, the friends had maths. Sitting at the back of the classroom, Shanna and Maeve didn't listen to the lesson, they were talking about what they were going to do this weekend :

"I am bored and we have nothing to do tonight..." Shannah said in a dejected tone.

"It's true..." Maeve said disappointed. "Girl!! I have a big idea !! Do you know about McDermott's Castle ???"

"No, what is that?" Shanna replied, intrigued by the name her friend had just mentioned.

"It's an abandoned castle, on a little island! We have to go there!!"

"Oh yesss, let's talk about it to the girls after !"

At the end of the lesson, Shanna and Maeve proposed their idea to Emily, Cassie and Holly. When they heard about their friends' suggestions, the three of them were delighted and immediately accepted. They decided to meet at 7 pm, in front of Cassie's house.

At 7 pm, the girls had taken a boat out to the lake surrounding the castle. At 7:30 pm, they finally reached the island and walked to the castle. Surprised, they heard the voice of a man.

Firstly, they were afraid, so they hid themselves. Suddenly they saw five boys who were getting out of the castle gate. Knowing that they looked as young as them, they decided to continue walking and meet them. Shanna and Maeve, the most sociable girls in the group, talked first :

"Hello," they all said together

"Uh? What are you doing here?" Nathaniel said quite a bit confused.

"You can say hello, you know ?" Shanna replied.

"Hello, sweetheart. Hi girls. What are your names?"

“I’m Shanna, this is Meave, Cassie, Emily and Holly. And you, who are you? And what are you doing here?”

“Oh, this is our house... And I am Nathaniel, this is Jasper, Edward, Cadogan and Justin.”

“Hi! Hello !” all the girls replied at the same time.

“So, you live here? Do you know that’s illegal ?” Emily said a little angry.

“That’s what I have been telling them for a week !!!” Cadogan explained.

During the rest of the evening, these ten people got to know each other. They got on so well that each person in the group found their perfect match during the evening: Maeve and Jasper, Cassie and Edward, Emily and Cadogan, Holly and Justin. Yet, there were only two people who didn’t really get along well: Shanna and Nathaniel... Nathaniel didn’t talk a lot, he was cold and dark. On top of that, Shanna was a little shy because she was impressed by him.

When this weird party was finished, everyone went home. In the end, Shanna still enjoyed this night. As always, she did not say a word about it to her parents and went to sleep.

Part II

The following Monday was as bad as the last Friday: all her friends kept talking about their new crush they had met last time, but Shanna was the only one who didn't like Nathaniel.

"Jasper is so beautiful! Did you see his deep black eyes, his shiny hair?"

Maeve said amazed

"Yes, yes..." Shanna said with a sad voice

"Come on! Why are you behaving like that? I saw you with Nathaniel, you little liar!"

"What? No, he was so weird, but at the same time, his black hair, his soft skin...waw"

"Stop acting like a mysterious girl!"

Maeve understood very well that Shanna had finally liked Nathaniel.

Shanna finally agreed to go back to the castle to make her friends happy. Hence, the next Saturday, the five girls returned to the island where they met the group of boys again.

This time, Nathaniel and Shanna got along better. During all the evening, they both stayed and they talked a lot. They discovered that they both shared a lot of common points. At that moment, the atmosphere changed, it became quite romantic... Shanna felt her heart beating faster and faster when she looked into his magnificent eyes. On his side, Nathaniel felt the same way.

Shanna brought her hand closer to Nathaniel, he did the same thing, he took his hand. She tried to kiss him, but Nathaniel didn't think about kissing her lips. Instead of getting closer to her mouth, he directed his mouth in the direction of her neck, and he bit her!

Part III

The following day, when Shanna woke up at the castle, she felt sick and went to the bathroom. She watched her neck and saw two red little points. She panicked! She searched throughout the castle, she was afraid.

In the darkness of the castle corridors, she hit Nathaniel who was also running. She told him with a trembling voice :

“NATHANIEL! What happened last night ?!” Shanna shouted. “Why do I have a sort of bite on my neck ?!”

“Oh... So you saw it...”

“YES, I SAW IT! WHAT IS THAT !? AND WHERE ARE THE OTHERS ?!”

“Calm down little angel” Nathaniel said quietly.

“Don’t call me like that!”

“Sorry, Shanna. I will explain everything...”

“I’m waiting!”

“I am a vampire...”

“Uh? What?”

“Yes Shanna, I am a vampire, and last night, I don’t know why, but I couldn’t stop myself and I bit you... YOUR NECK WAS SO TASTY !! I try, with all my might, to not bite you... But I didn’t succeed... So, now, you are a vampire...”

“Wow, I...”

“I am sorry Shanna !!” he said, cutting her off.

“Nathaniel?”

“Yes, princess...? Oh, uh, sorry, Shanna”

“Don’t worry, don’t worry... So, now I am a vampire? So I have vampire canines? So can I transform myself into a bat? So I can fly? AND YOU ARE SORRY ??”

“Yes Shanna, very sorry...”

“But Nathaniel, it’s amazing !!!! Why are you sorry?”

“Because you are destined to be a vampire for life, and never die...”

“But I will be with you, won’t I?” Shanna smiled.

After this discussion, they hugged and kissed.

THE END



DON'T REJECT ME

WRITTEN BY

MARJANE BOUVET-LEVRARD

&

VICTOR VASSAULT

Fifty years ago, in the depths of Missouri, the Johnsons arrived in that manor house. It was a huge and beautiful place, deep in the forest. Mrs Johnson wanted to have a big house to raise their children, and they loved this house as soon as they saw it. The family moved to this place three weeks ago, when strange things started to happen...

“Can I play too?”

“No Sarah, you’re too young,” Charly said.

Charly was the big brother. He was a good kid, and the favorite child in the family.

“Oh... but is it really important?”

“Yes, Sarah! Now stop bothering us. It’s not a game for the little girls.” Kelly shouted.

“Fine...”

“Kids! It’s time to eat! Mr. Johnson yelled.”

“Already? But we’re not finished playing!”

Charly and Kelly were used to always rejecting their little sister. Yet, their parents were too busy to see it. But apart from these little details, the Johnsons were a completely normal family. The parents, Sandy and Jimmy, had met fifteen years before and had fallen in love as soon as they saw each other. Then, they had three kids: Charly, Kelly, and Sarah. And a few months ago, Sandy was transferred for her work, in Missouri.

The Johnson’s life was quite peaceful in Missouri, but one day, their daily life suddenly changed... Sarah disappeared. It was a random day in October, and no one noticed it before the end of the day. She was supposed to be at school like her brother and her sister. As for her parents, they were at work. Yet around eight p.m., her mom started to think it was weird because Sarah used to always be home around five p.m.

“Jimmy, I can’t find Sarah! Have you seen her?” asked Sandy.

“No, not since this morning...” answered Jimmy.

“I am worried... Where could she have gone?”

Sarah reappeared a few days later. Her parents had reported her disappearance but the police had not been able to find her. She had returned on her own. But when she came back, she was all different... She wasn't an innocent little girl like before. The expression on her face had changed. She was never smiling. Everyone thought she had just got lost in the forest, and her brother and her sister didn't care at all about this all episode. But the reality was different. Sarah was having an all different behaviour. She was mean to Charly and Kelly. She liked to scare them. Sometimes, she killed a rabbit, and she put his blood on the sheets of her brother and her sister.

She wasn't the same little girl that her parents had known. But, the most important thing, was that she couldn't talk since she came back home. The therapist and the doctors couldn't explain it.

Through the weeks, the family's life gradually returned to normal. The elders of the siblings started to be mean to Sarah again, but she couldn't say anything because she was mute.

One day, when everything seemed normal, Sarah began to have visions. She was the only one who knew it, and she liked those. It was her moment. It was the first vision she had, but it grew as it went along. It was happening during the night or the evening, and it lasted several minutes. It was deliciously awful. In the visions, she was seeing the members of her family. But they were dead. Blood was all around their bodies. And then she was waking up, trembling with fear.

One day, Sarah's mother came into her room to see if everything was alright because she heard a strange noise, and Sandy saw her having a vision. Sandy was petrified. She immediately called the doctor. He came to their house, and he examined Sarah. And when he touched her forehead to see if she had a fever, she hit him. Her mother saw what Sarah did, and furious, she took Sarah to the basement and locked her up.

First, Sarah stayed a few days in the basement. Her mother was bringing her some food every day, and there was a toilet and a shower for Sarah in the basement. But she didn't calm down, and her behaviour was getting worse and worse, so her mother decided that Sarah would stay here until she changed. But she never did. She was getting crazy and violent down here. And during the night, she was screaming. Her voice was back. She was screaming for hours. Her brother and her

sister couldn't sleep. So one day, Charly went down to the basement. and behind the door, he whispered to his sister: "Please, stop and I'll unlock the door." Sarah stopped immediately. So Charly opened the door. And Sarah killed her brother. She had found a piece of glass in the basement, and she cut her brother's throat. Charly didn't scream. He was too surprised. Their father, who had heard Charly come out of his room, went to see what was happening. But Sarah had already run away. She was in the wood. The front door had remained open.

When Jimmy discovered his son's body, he screamed so loudly that everyone woke up. Sandy and Kelly came down hurriedly and when they saw Charly dead they collapsed.

"What happened?!" asked Sandy."

"It's Sarah... I'm sure it's her, answered Kelly. Oh, my poor brother! How can she be so horrible?! I promise you that I will avenge you!"

"What are you talking about Kelly?! What was going on between you, Charly, and Sarah?!" Sandy said.

"Mom, Dad, just listen: Sarah is dangerous. We must protect ourselves. I know she will come back... She wants to kill me. And maybe to kill you too..."

After this terrible event, Charly was buried, and the Johnsons barricaded themselves in their house. They had ordered that Sarah be found because she was a public danger. But the police couldn't find her. So after a while, people thought she was dead in the woods. But they were wrong. Sarah was around the house every night, looking for something...

Five months after Charly's death, one night, when the door was open, Sarah got into the house for the first time since her brother died. She was recovered with a sheet and full of scratches. Her hair was pretty long and in a shambles. She was walking slowly and her breath was loud. She opened the basement door and started to go down the stairs. Once down, she slowly went under the stairs. Sarah had glued a picture there. She stayed there and looked at it for several minutes when she started to climb the stairs. She closed the basement door and went to the kitchen. There, she grabbed a knife, went up to her parents' room and with two stab wounds, she killed them without any hesitation. They both released a muffled scream before they just left a pool of blood and two corpses, exactly like in her vision

Sarah then went in the direction of Kelly's room. She entered but Kelly wasn't there. She screamed angrily and started to run to try to find her sister. Then, she stops. She had heard the voice of Kelly:

"Sarah, let's play, you have to find me"

She started laughing and couldn't stop, so she started crying. Kelly said: "I'm here Sarah, you are so close to me." The voices came from the basement. Sarah opened the door, Kelly pushed her up the stairs and she locked her in. After that, Kelly decided to flee to the other side of the world. She never wanted to hear about Sarah again.

10 years later

Since Kelly had left the house ten years ago, no one had lived there. But a few months ago, a family bought the manor house. In October 1983, they moved there.

"I am so happy that we bought this house! It's a fresh start, I am sure I'll be awesome!" said Mr Priestley.

"Of course darling, the kids are going to love the garden!"

The children were discovering the house, and they were very happy.

"Kids! Come and help us carry the boxes!"

"Oh... But we're not finished playing! Okay... We are coming..."

"Oh! I didn't know we had a basement! That's cool! said Mr Priestley when he saw the basement. I'm going to take a quick look.

"Be careful darling, Mrs. Priestley said, you never know what you can find in a basement."

-THE END

MOON'S SCREAM

WRITTEN BY

CHARLINE LUCAS

In Georgia in 1898, in a little village named Mtskheta, supernatural disappearances prevented people from living a normal life. Every full moon, there was an eclipse which lasted for 24 hours.

A girl who was less than 25 years old disappeared. An animal which looked like a big fox was recognized around the town...

October 3rd, 1898.

“Nana come here, school is starting in 20 minutes!”

Ana was 22 years old and had a little sister who was 7 years old. They lived alone without any parents. Every day, Ana took Nana to school. She could not do anything and worked in a little shop in Mtskheta. After school, Nana came back after snack time with her friends.

October 6th, 1898

One day, Anton, an axeman who lived in the town, was hanging around the school. That day, Ana decided to pick up Nana after school by herself and she saw Anton with Nana. As soon as she saw him, she panicked. Hence, when they came back home, Ana decided to tell Nana a legend.

“It’s forbidden to get close to Anton’s home or you are going to be kidnapped.” After that day, Nana acted strange and never talked about Anton. Ana continued picking up Nana after school every day.

October,29th 1898

On that day, a full moon appeared in the sky and this event brought a new disappearance in the town. It was 7 pm. and Nana was still at her friend’s home. Hence, Ana decided to get Nana because she was stressed about the eclipse. Her heart fell when she saw Anton in front of the home where Nana was.

He was waiting, standing there alone, watching the house. At that moment, the scream of an animal surprised them. It looked like the scream of a wolf, during the full moon. Ana ran to the house and watched one last time Anton who was angry. Nana and her friends were playing in the garden. The mother of Nana’s friend invited Ana and her sister to sleep at their place that night since it was quite dangerous for both of them to get out this late with the full moon.

The next day, there was no light outside because of the eclipse. It was as if the day had been cancelled because of the night. Nana and her friend had been sleeping for a long time.

At 11: am, Nana's friend came to eat lunch. Yet, Nana was not with her. They looked for Nana but she wasn't there. Ana cried a lot, screamed and decided to go to the police. She was panicked! The police officer explained to Ana that they found a track of a big wolf in the garden of Nana's friend. It was not obvious: there had been a wolf in this garden and that wolf kidnapped Nana. That there was a werewolf. A werewolf in the town.

January 16th ,1898

Two other people disappeared since Nana had disappeared. Ana was completely crazy about that.

She was so desperate that she called and paid sessions with 27 mediums and 4 witches. One day, a witch told her about a curse which was 203 years old in Mtskheta. This curse was about a man and a witch. The witch was in love with the man, and after years, she knew that the man cheated on her with someone who was 24 years old but he was 50 years old. She decided to curse him. He would become an immortal human and would not be able to leave his village. When he was talking to a girl who was less than 25, he was going to kidnap and kill the girl he had talked to the most. To make the curse happen, the witch needed a supernatural event. She put an eclipse when the moon was full. At this moment, the man couldn't choose if he should kill or not, he had to.

Ana was terrified and she trusted her. She came back to Mtskheta and didn't tell anyone about her discovery. She wanted to find something to accuse Anton, as she didn't have any proof she had to investigate. So, she decided to go to Anton's house when he was not here...

The house was dark, messy and dirty. Suddenly, she heard a sound, he was there, with her.

"I know you're here Ana, I can hear your breath." He started walking into every room.

"Where are you Ana, where are you?"

When she heard he was not near, she started running to the door. He tried to follow her but he couldn't. She ran to her house and closed the door with her keys. He came to her home with his axe. He started to destroy the door and the windows. She was hurt by them and she ran to the police office. She explained everything to the police officer and he couldn't trust her, he was sure that there was a werewolf.

The police officer ran to Ana's house. The axeman was still here, sitting on the floor. She was crying and smiling. He said that was finished, the curse was finished thanks to Ana.

Unfortunately, Nana was dead because of him. He was sorry about that. The "werewolf" was just a wolf who was all alone, seeking a family.

The end of this story is happy but not for everyone. Nana was found at Anton's house and buried, almost everybody was in the woods. Anton died 5 years after with a panic attack and Ana continued her life without her little sister.

FEAR AND PAIN

WRITTEN BY

VERANE ADANDE-GOMES

&

AMINE OUBOUMOUR

Chapter I

In a little town, called Sawston, all was doing great.

Lavinia was the daughter of Auguste the most famous investigator of all the kingdom. He left London for a more peaceful place. Lavinia was turning 18 years old in the fall of 1887. So she decided, with the agreement of her father, to organize a masked ball in a castle. She invited a lot of people, including her friends and the boy she loved, named Winston.

On the day of the ball, her father had some troubles with the investigation he was working on. A psychopath had escaped from the asylum where he was being held. He was named Humphrey, he had committed a lot of horrible crimes. He was a famous serial killer. The asylum was not far from the castle where the masked ball was organized. Lavinia was so mad that she decided to go ahead with the ball.

The day of the ball arrived, Lavinia welcomed all the guests. There were over 100 people and everyone was masked. People were dancing and all went well until a scream rang out from the left wing which had been closed to the public. Lavinia decided to go and see what was causing the screaming, she thought it was probably nothing serious.

The corridor was very dark and she didn't feel comfortable venturing out on her own. When she reached the end of the corridor, she noticed a shape on the wall. At first, she thought it was a painting of some kind of person but the closer she got, the more this thing that made her uncomfortable took shape.

Her head was now knee-high to the silhouette's, and when she looked up she saw the dangling body of one of her guests, his neck broken and tied to the ceiling. She thought she was hallucinating and screamed so loudly that her cry echoed throughout the manor. She ran back into the party room and told everything to her father who was worried about the screams he had heard.

A few minutes later, the entire castle was evacuated and the investigators were doing their job. Lavinia spent a terrible night because her father had remained at the scene of the incident and the lifeless body hanging from the ceiling that she had seen a few hours earlier prevented her from sleeping. Suddenly she heard a

noise in the living room, she reassured herself that it was just another hallucination. But then another noise rang out, she took her candle and down the stairs.

In the living room there was nothing, reassured, she took a glass of water and went back to her room. When she opened the door, she saw a figure wearing a long cape and bandages on his face just in front of her bed and barely had time to shout before the person escaped through the window that had been left open.

Chapter II

When the men left her room she moved instantaneously to the window through which the fugitive had just escaped. The man had disappeared, the sky was very dark and the moon didn't light up the village streets.

She went to her father's office and started calling the investigator's agency phone number. After waiting for a few minutes, one of her father's colleagues answered. She asked him if she could speak to Auguste immediately, and the man agreed. A minute later, her father answered the phone, asking if everything was all right. She explained what had happened a few minutes earlier and asked him to come back. Auguste was very worried by what his daughter had just told him, so he left the scene quickly and set off for the small town in the vicinity which was a few miles away. When he arrived, Auguste saw her daughter terrified. She just started crying in his arms, repeating what she saw. Auguste, feeling helpless, tried to reassure her. He sent her to bed and stayed close to her all night long.

The next morning, Lavinia woke up and saw her father sleeping on a chair. She looked at the window, it was cold and overcast outside. She decided to leave her bed, heading to the kitchen to prepare some tea. She thought that some tea would warm her up and comfort her. On her way to the kitchen, she took some deep breaths to feel the cold tiles. The cold temperature tickled her skin.

Later on that day, Lavinia decided to buy some food and find the purchases that she needed. She moved into the marketplace to buy some food. She met a lot of people talking about the strange death of the man during her ball. She explained to some friends what she saw when she was alone in her house. They all found that really strange, some of her friends tried to comfort her the best they could. But she was really terrified, thinking of what could happen to her in her own house. One of her friends also offered to spend the night with her. But against all odds she declined, saying that her father would be here if any troubles came through. After finding all of what she needed, she just came home to take a nap. She was so tired after all those strange and scary events. But she still took time during the walk. She took some breaks admiring flowers and trees. She even saw a beautiful monastery, but she found it really strange that it was abandoned.

After a long walk, she finally arrived at home. Her father came to greet her. He explained that he had to leave the house for work but that he would be there tomorrow in the morning. Lavinia understood it, even if she was still hoping after ten years that her father would quit his job. Her mom died because of his job. It was ten years ago, and she never passed the period of mourning.

Lavinia tried to think about other things by making some pastry. She placed all the ingredients she needed on the worktop. She heard some strange noises but didn't pay attention to it. She starts following the recipes written in her cookery book. When she was above the burner, she just started to feel a hand on her shoulder. She turned around and she suddenly saw a threatening man behind her. He was tall, around 6.2 feet. His hand on her was feeling disgusting. But before she could say anything he just pressed his hand on her mouth. She immediately understood what he was trying to do. She started to attack him but unfortunately, he was stronger than her. This mystery man took Lavinia on his shoulder and left the house without hesitation.

Chapter III

Lavinia started to wake up but her eyes were still closed. She felt the freshness of the room she was in, the wall against her was made of stone. The place she was standing in was really humid. An unpleasant scent just arrived on her sinus, this whiff forced her to open her eyes.

What she saw frightened her, it was the disgusting man that just kidnapped her. He had an expression filled with fierceness. She immediately understood what he would do to her. Unfortunately, she was right, he started grabbing her and attacked her on a chair. She screamed hoping someone could hear her, but sadly it was the abandoned monastery she had seen earlier in the day. He started to torture her. On her last breath, she screamed after her dad. Her biggest fear was in the process of doing so, after the death of her mom she was scared of being killed by someone who had a link to her father's job.

After Lavinia died the psychopath decided to attach her to the rope. He wanted to make it look like a suicide. He moved the body to the castle of the ball. And tied up the body in the same place as the first victim.

When August came back home he didn't hear Lavinia, at first he thought that she'd gone to the village for a breath of fresh air but past events worried him in spite of everything. The hours passed and Lavinia didn't come back, so he went to ask several people in the village if they'd seen her, but unfortunately, no one had seen her since the day before.

He decided to put out an APB and with his colleagues investigators set out to find Lavinia, but after hours of searching the entire region, there was no trace of his daughter. On the way home he passed a manor house that caught his attention. It was an abandoned place, the walls were damaged and the windows broken, and the gate was ajar but the entrance was too complicated to enter. But there was no chance of Lavinia being here, as the manor had been closed off due to the possibility of collapses.

Auguste didn't sleep a wink all night. He was thinking about where his daughter could be and what she had been going through for two days now. He remembered the manor that had caught his attention, maybe she was here, they had searched the entire area, and there was no longer any doubt Lavinia was there.

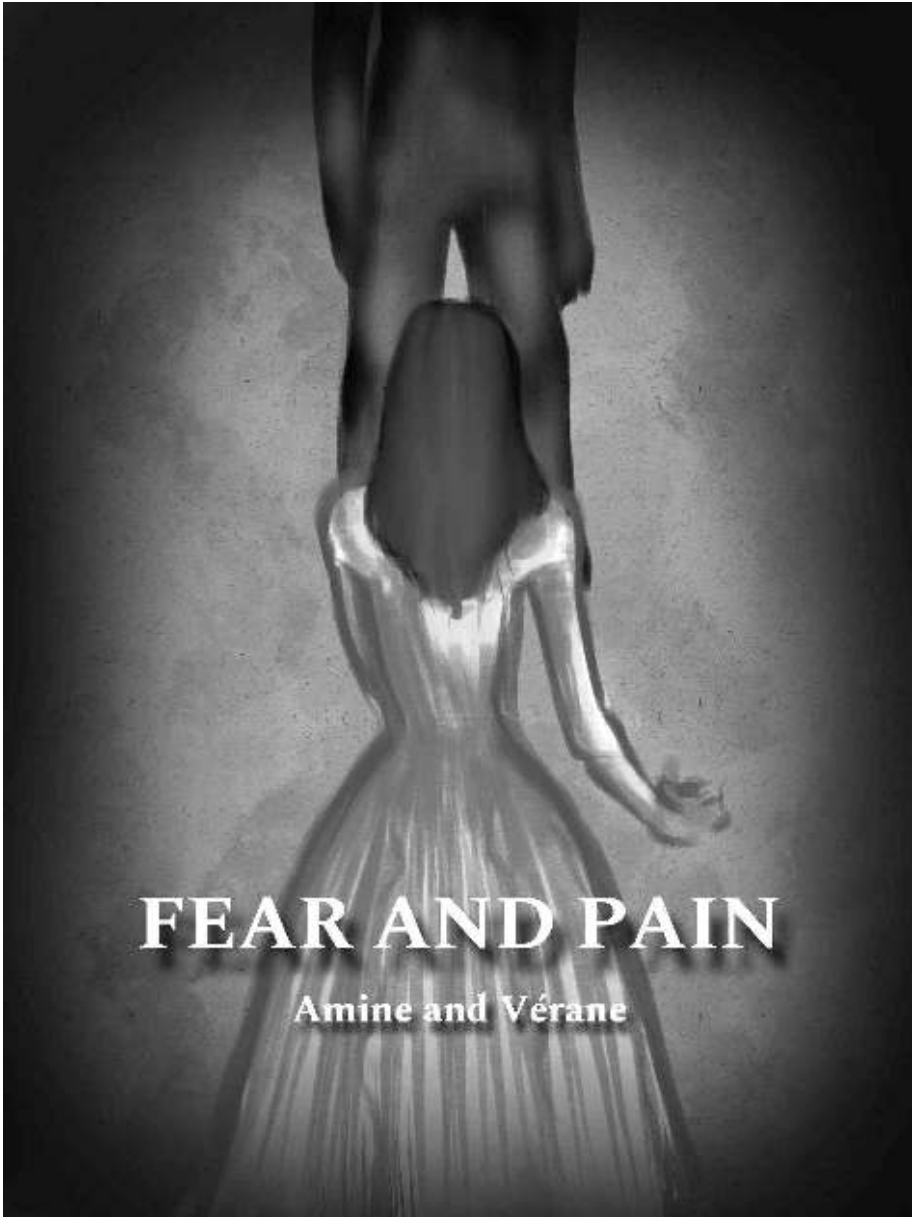
First thing in the morning he returned to the manor, he climbed the gate and arrived in front of the entrance, he pushed open the door and entered a dark room, in the middle of which was a small round table on which was a small piece of paper with a note on it. The writing was purple - was it blood? The paper indicated the address of the castle where the first murder had taken place. How could he not have thought of it before, but the castle was guarded by the police since the events, and no one could get in. He took his car and rushed off to the castle when he arrived there was no police, maybe the case had been closed?

He got into the very dark castle, he searched all the rooms and then arrived in the left wings, the long corridor was very dark when he arrived at the end, he was horrified by what he saw, Lavinia was hanging from the ceiling, he fell to his knees in front of her lifeless body and howled in fury, the same feeling he had felt when he lost his wife was back again. He untied her and took her in his arms, her body frozen, she had been dead for a long time. He called his colleagues and the police. A few hours later, the fugitive was found, sent back to the asylum he had escaped from and no one heard from him again.

As the week passed and Auguste had lost everything, he couldn't imagine his life without the only person he had left. He'd rather end his life and rejoin his family than suffer every day and wake up alone.

One night he went to bed and never woke up again.

END



ALONE IN THE ORPHANAGE

WRITTEN BY

VALENTIN SANCHEZ-BESSI

&

LÉO CABOTTE

A policeman called Walter Johnson was called out to a really strange story: a little boy of 4 years old had an accident that killed his two parents. He was adopted by his aunt who became his mother. She thought that he was strange but she accepted him. After one year of cohabitating, his aunt died from a cardiac arrest. Afterwards, his grandparents adopted him until he was eight years old and sent him to an orphanage where they hoped he would make friends.

After a year in the orphanage, the child went back to his home. Nobody knew how and why but he told his version: he said that nobody loved him because he was strange. When he saw them they looked nice but in the evening they took his belongings and they attached him to a bed to hurt him. The next day, the teachers punished me without any reason. They bullied him all the years and when they talked to him, it was to insult him. He had no friends and girls used him for being her messenger. He came back in the car of a man called Jessie Smith. He was a nice guy of approximately 30 years.

After that, the policeman investigated and went to the orphanage to learn more about it. He tried to call them but all their phones were turned off so he was worried about it. On the road, he had a lot of problems like a lot of rocks, his car was damaged and his wife called him a lot but she didn't pick up the phone when he called back. He continued on his way, thinking that it was his daughter playing with the phone. A shiver ran down his spine. He sped up with a bad feeling.

When he arrived at the orphanage, he didn't see anybody. He shouted but nobody responded in the lodge. He went to the orphanage but he couldn't see anything, all the lights were turned off. He got his phone out of his pocket and turned on his phone light. After a time, his phone turned off. No more battery. All his phone calls used it a lot and he was in the dark. He walked in something and, scared, went back to the lodge where, he thought, there was an electric metre to turn on all the lights. He found the lodge easily because it was next to the entrance which was the only place with light. He turned on all the lights and went back to where he was. The thing was gone but it remained a puddle of a red liquid, probably blood. He pushed the door of the refectory and in a scream saw a heap of dead bodies in a pond of blood. At the end of the refectory, he saw a swing door. He went in this direction and realised that the door was open in the garden which led to the forest.

He went out and saw a lot of wild animals and heard a flute sound. In a second, all the animals turned and ran to him. The man realised that he was in danger but he was paralyzed. Suddenly all the beast stopped and went to the forest. The policeman followed them and entered the forest. There was a lot of fog. He saw a dead body, another and again. He heard a woman caught and went to her. She said in a last breath: "Watch out for the little monster."

When he heard these words, he thinks of the wild beasts that he saw before. After all these events, he went back to his car and drove a lot. On the road, he charged his phone and searched for information about the orphanage without results. After a long time on the road, he didn't have enough petrol. He stops his car to search for help in front of a big house with lights so he thinks that there was someone in. He went in and didn't see anybody. He is scared but he had a gun so he was prepared. He went to the cellar and, even if there was nobody, found a can of petrol. But on the departure, he heard floor noises and the flute sound. Far away, he heard beasts. There are three possibilities: it was the owner of the house; it was the killer who came to murder him; it was the beast following him.. He gets out through the cellar's window and runs to his car. In the garage, he saw a car with the driver dead on the windshield. He doesn't slow down but he takes the number plate.

On the road, he had to stop again because of trees, maybe down by a tempest. He found refuge in the house of an old man. The old man gave him food and a bed for the night, saying " The tempest is too hard, don't go outside." The policeman accepts, thinking that the old man feels alone.

During the night, his phone didn't stop ringing but when he picked up the phone there was nobody. He blocked the number but each time, it was another number. He was scared but he kept his lucidity. He did some research about the car and the owner and found that the owner was Jessie Smith, the man who was supposed to go with the child when he came back. Panicked, he drove to the child's great parent's home. But, like what he feared, they were dead. In the grandmother's hand, he saw a paper and read it :

"If you read this paper, I am dead. My grandson is mentally unstable and has a split personality. When he was in our house he almost killed my husband and this was the moment when I understood that he was the murderer of his parents. When he wanted someone, he wanted to have this person for himself, and that's why he tried to kill my husband, he can kill all people who are important to the person.

Because if he is the only one, he is necessarily the best. When he was in a burst of madness, we had to confine him in a room. He went to an orphanage because we thought that it would help him to be with other children, even if he had a family.”

Scared by the sentence “he can kill all people who are important to the person.”, he takes his car and drives to his house. What had to happen, happened. He saw his wife and his daughter dead surrounded by their blood. Standing between the two bodies, the child, playing the flute.

“I don’t want to kill you, don’t move and I don’t shoot“ said the policeman

“I want...you”

In one second, the child was very close. In a burst of fear and rage, the policeman drew his gun and shot down the child. But after the death of his wife and his daughter and after killing a child, the policeman descends into madness.

THE END

A BAT IN THE FOREST

WRITTEN BY

CALEB BONNIOT-CARLIN

It was a wonderful day, Joe had finally agreed to camp in the forest with Michael and he was delighted. He has planned everything to make his friend love his first camp ever, he had chosen the best spot in the Little Lake Creek Wilderness, where he used to go with his father before he died in 2018. There was just one little problem, Michael had a problem at work, so they were late on the original planning.

They were supposed to start the hike at 4 pm, and it was already 6 pm. When they arrived, the sun was still high in the sky, and it was very hot. They took off all their belongings from the car and, after Joe had shown the map to Michael, they entered the forest. Joe wanted to tell Michael everything he knew about that place, flowers, animals, history, and one thing in particular: a local legend. It said that, when night comes, strange things happen in the forest ...

The spot was something like three kilometres further and, the two friends started to walk together, they were laughing and Joe asked :

“ Don’t you know anything else about those strange things?

[The author doesn’t want to make any references to the series with the almost same name]

“I gotta say that it’s just an old man that talks to me about it. He said that when he was younger, one night when he was going back home after hunting, he had suddenly been attacked by two big bats that took him to the door of his house. I think his name was Bill Ford or something like that.”

“Mike, I’m pretty sure this crazy old man only wanted to scare you!”

“I guess we never know ... “

At this moment, they arrived in a wonderful glade. It was full of clear green grass, and a river was passing by the middle making the atmosphere fresh and pleasant. The mix between the water’s lapping and the forest sounds was creating an amazingly relaxing effect and the shadows of the surrounding trees seemed to be

the perfect place for a little sleep ... They sat down and, while they were falling asleep, they saw a beautiful deer in the bushes.

When they woke up, the sun was setting, Joe said that it was time to hurry if they wanted to continue to see the road. But it was already too late, ten minutes later Joe had to say that he had no idea of where they were. Lost, the two friends tried to find the glade and when they finally arrived at it, things had changed ... The river seemed different as if it was alive and wanted to draw them. The shadows were aggressive and they were trying to catch the two friends with their long dark arms, the noises were a coarse blow and the horrible grass set a trap for the feet. In the bushes, Joe saw some blood-red eyes that were staring at them. Joe and Michael looked at each other for one second and the decision was taken: they started to run.

They ran 20 minutes without even one stop. Finally, the two men saw a big house of a clearly passed mode gothic style. They ran to the door on which it was written :

Will Nord

Joe said, in a trembling voice :

“ You know this Bill Ford I talked to you about? Maybe I made a little mistake and his name was Will Nord.”

“Ok, so it’s the forest or the strange house of the strange old crazy hunter?”

“I don’t know, maybe he’s a really nice man and he’ll let us stay for the night?”

“There’s no way I’m sleeping in the house of Dracula owned by a man who has guns and likes to use them.”

“Do you prefer sleeping in the forest?”

“That’s a good point but if I die, I want you to assume your entire responsibility.”

“Deal”

They rang the bell, and immediately a man opened the door. He invited them to enter and closed the heavy door. Michael noticed animal heads everywhere around him, probably the hunt trophies of Nord. The room was dark and the two friends could barely see the man, he was ... there were no words to describe him, Joe only thought that he looked like nothing else like he didn't really exist. He smiled, showing the young man shiny white teeth, and said: "If you want chambers it's upstairs". When they arrived in the chamber everything was ready, they started to think that the hunter was waiting for them, Joe saw a little silver ring on the floor and put it in his pocket ... At this moment the lights turned off, and Joe fell on the floor, the last thing he heard before losing consciousness was those words: "Little idiot, I'm the bats, I was sure you will come back"

When he opened his eyes, he was in the glade and Michal was next to him. Joe started to think that he just had a nightmare and they went back to the car. While they were quitting the forest, he felt something in his pocket, it was a ring. He saw something strange in his rearview mirror, it looked like the reflection of a bat

WEBBERVILLE SCHOOL

WRITTEN BY

SAUL RUIZ-PETRUS

Webberville is a very calm little city with 448 inhabitants. Three adolescents Marie, Jordan and Tatum had some ideas for this night, they wanted to visit the old school. This school was constructed in 1920 and then abandoned in 2000 after an accident...

Marie was very intelligent and fast, Jordan was strong but he was slow, and Tatum was never scared by anything. Today the three adolescents prepared this urbex at night, they bought two lamps and a small portion of chocolate. During the afternoon they went to Marie's house to prepare a plan.

- First, enter the house by going through the small windows that could be opened
- then try to find out terrifying elements to have fun.
- finally go back to their house at 10 pm

The night arrived they got dressed, took their bag then walked to the old school. The first step of their adventure was to get to the old school. In this place, everything is dark and quiet. Marie and Jordan started to get scared, Tatum turned his lamp on and moved towards the stairs. They saw many classrooms which still had chairs and tables. They decided to take a break in a classroom.

Five minutes later they hear the sound of a door. Jordan, Marie and Tatum brutally stood up. Tatum, the most courageous, started to investigate to find the origin of the sound they heard. In front of the door numbered "8" Tatum stayed still, he was terrified but he opened the door.

In classroom 8, nothing seemed to be strange until he had a look at the last table. A supernatural human with a red eye, a big sharp tooth and envy of killing people. Tatum ran as fast as he could, closed the door and shouted to call his friends about the situation. Jordan and Marie laughed when Tatum explained what happened. He decided to rapidly leave, and all of them were shocked by what they had just witnessed.

At 9 pm before leaving, Jordan and Marie decided to go in front of the well-known classroom 8. After leaving, Tatum called the police and explained what happened. The police officer took Tatum seriously despite the very strange call. Unfortunately, the police officers arrived too late... Marie and Jordan opened the door and the monster didn't waste time and killed the two friends of Tatum. The

officers in the classroom didn't see the monster but only Marie and Jordan dead on the ground. One week after that murder Tatum was the only culprit in this case of murder.

Tatum was the culprit in the murder of Marie and Jordan; he finished his life in a psychiatric hospital.

THE MONSTER OF DEADHORSE

WRITTEN BY

YEMA KA

&

NOAH WIERZBICKI

CHAPTER 1: A VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND

Once upon a time in Deadhorse, a small town in Scotland with many fields and a dark forest, lived a lord whose name was Dupont-Of-Bretagne. He was married to Cristina, a beautiful woman whose father was rich and had a lot of land. The couple had two twins: Richard and Cristina II.

Richard was a good boy; he was brave and he was destined to be the successor of Lord of Deadhorse. Cristina II was the prettiest girl in town and many lords wanted to marry her. However, she always refused because she wanted to find the perfect lover.

Deadhorse was considered to be the town with the largest number of loyal lords. Lord Dupont-Of-Bretagne's family often came to meet their subjects - the family was respected by everyone and every time they came every villager gave them a present.

One day, Cristina II saw a boy and fell in love. He was big with blue eyes, and he was the son of their fishmonger. This was the first time that she saw him and she began to flush, her dad immediately saw her and understood:

"You have a beautiful son!" the lord said.

"Thank you, I am very happy with him, he helps me a lot." the fishmonger responded

"What is his name?"

"My name is George!"

"You must not speak to him like that!" the fishmonger told his son.

"You don't need to worry because he speaks more than my daughter. How old are you George?"

"Nineteen Sir."

"And what would you like to be later?"

"My dream is to be the best fishmonger in town!"

"I am impressed. Would you like to marry my daughter?" the lord asked.

When he asked the question, Cristina raised her head and looked at her dad. She was desperate. She nervously tapped on his dad's back. He understood her

message and replied "Forget what I said. Now we have to go back home." George waved them goodbye and went back to work.

The Lord was furious, he had always wanted to see his daughter have a prestigious lord and she was in love with a villager. For him, it was dishonorable and he wanted to make George disappear. Yet, he couldn't kill him for any reason. His best servant, whose name is Antonio, entered.

"Good afternoon sir!"

"Good afternoon," the lord said

"What is happening?" Antonio asked

"My daughter loves a villager and I don't know what to do."

"You can kill him."

"How?"

"With your secret," Antonio murmured.

No one except the Lord and Antonio knew his secret: he was a werewolf. When he was younger, he went to a forest with a servant to hunt and he met a werewolf who killed his servant and gave him his power. He transformed into a werewolf and then someone went to the forest and found him. This person was Antonio. With time he had succeeded in controlling his body but with every full moon, he transformed into a werewolf because he couldn't control his ferocity.

"And if someone sees me, what can I do?" the lord wondered.

"You will say to your villagers that you will solve the problem" Antonio answered

"OK"

At night, The Lord transformed into a werewolf, he went to the fishmonger's house and killed George. However, he forgot that he had to wait 30 minutes to become human again. So he decided to go to the forest. There were a lot of animals like rabbits, hares and wild boars. The animals the werewolf loved. So, he or the monster devoured them and went back home.

CHAPTER 2: A TERRIFYING DISCOVERY

The next day, the fishmonger screamed. “ My son is dead”. Everyone heard even Richard who got up, got dressed and ran to see what was going on:

“What is happening?” a villager said

“my son just died and I don’t know how I can live without him”

All villagers of town, even the Dupont-Of-Bretagne family came to inspect the crime scene. They saw a lot of blood and the body of George, who had cutthroat.

Richard took his responsibility and took to investigation and said:

“I swear I will find the murder and I will kill him”

“Avenge my son, avenge my son, kill the murder for me for my son”

“I will”

The hatred that the fishmonger had was huge, sad, killer, evil, imaginable. He wanted to kill the murderer with monstrosity. And Richard saw in his eyes that he had to succeed in his mission:

“Who wants to join me!”

Ten people joined him and they began the investigation. The first place was in the town. They searched in the trash, behind the houses, and in the fields, in the end, they only found a mark of blood. After they came to the dark forest, they saw many dead animals but no one thought that it could be a monster who created this slaughter so they continued the investigation.

After 1 week, the result was disappointing and the fishmonger began furious and violent. Richard couldn’t accept this temper so decided to lock up the fishmonger until he calmed down.

During this time, the Lord and his servant discussed about the situation:

“Everything is going as we expected”

“Not everything, Antonion, my son swore to the fool fishmonger he will kill the murder”

“Maybe you can change his mind and say he couldn’t find him”

“I can try but I don’t know if he would”

Later, at the dinner, the Lord asked a question:

“How is the investigation going?”

“Nothing, we have nothing. In addition, the villagers are getting mad like the fishmonger”

“Why?”

“They think they couldn't live in a town where there is a monster”

“Do you really think that a monster kills Ge..o....”

“George”

“Yes George thank you Cristina”

“To answer your question. Now I don't really know and lost my perseverance”

“I think he just committed suicide”

“Why Sir”

“I guess because he understood that he made a mistake”

“What? Which mistake”

“He said to me he wanted to propose to your sister”

“What is the problem, Father?”

“It's inconceivable to say this to me. And you have to marry a rich man, not a poor fishmonger”

“I loved him, you can't understand, you're an idiot and for you, I am just a subject to marry a rich lord but for me, I am a woman”

“For me, you're my daughter so I have to make your life better”

Cristina II left, and the atmosphere calmed down, Richard and Cristina were shocked. Suddenly, Richard thought his father's reaction was weird. Richard knew that his sister was a rebel but he didn't see his father react like that.

CHAPTER 3: A NEW HOPE

The next day, an old person with a wizard hat and a long white beard arrived in the town. No one had seen this person but everyone understood he was kind. Later he met lord Dupont-Of-Bretagne in the Bar and spoke. The old man told a story about a monster, a wolfwere. However, the lord Dupont-Of-Bretagne didn't trust him and preferred to leave. Lucky Richard was there and heard all the conversation:

"Good morning mister"

"Who are you, Sir ?"

"I am Richar the son of the lord Dupont-Of-Bretagne"

"Oh, sorry to not recognize you"

"It's not the problem, what did you tell to the Lord"

"Nothing important"

"No, it is, what did you tell him"

"Just a Legend about wolf wares"

"What is it exactly? I am not sure"

"A werewolf is a monster who has two bodies, a wolfman's body and a human body. The monster can change his body when he wants but every full moon he transforms into a werewolf and"

" Do you know when is the full moon"

"This night"

"Thank you, and have a good journey in Deadhorse"

"Goodbye Sir"

After this conversation, Richard told ten people to join him. He wanted to tell them he found a solution for their investigation after he had his conversation with the old man. Unfortunately, not everyone wanted to follow him because they had a family and they had to protect them but Richard knew they had just been scared about going to the forest and maybe seeing a monster. Just the Fishmonger and a hunter wanted to go with him at night.

CHAPTER 4: SURPRISE

At night, The Lord and Antonio discussed and all at once the Lord began transforming into a werewolf. To prevent from being found, he went to the forest and ate some rabbits. He turned his head and saw something, ran, killed, ate, left. Only four stages and the monster did so with ferocity, in thirty seconds he killed and ate a human. A second man came, and the monster attacked him too. A fight began between the monster and the man, the man drew his sword but he didn't see anything in the darkness and the monster made some scars on his body. He lost a lot of blood and ran but the monster followed him with his speed and he succeeded in catching him. He struggled for his life and with luck, another man cut the head of the monster. Unfortunately, the man died because he lost too much blood. So, he took his knife and the head of the monster in the morning and showed it to the villagers. The villagers cheered and the head transformed into the head of the Lord, they didn't believe. Cristina II who was there noticed it and didn't see his brother but just his knife. She cried.

End



THE GALLAGHER MANSION

WRITTEN BY

GUSTAVE BUCAMP

In Charlotte, North Carolina a group of friends went to Chicago on holidays. The group was composed of two men (Karl Collins, and Brad Picky) and two women (Kelly Montana, and Elisa Smooth). Karl was fascinated by horror and gothic literature, he was a little bit thin and didn't like sport, the opposite of Brad who was a famous football player in his college. He was really tall and muscled but he was not very smart. Kelly was really popular in his college. Like Karl, she loved horror and gothic genres but not in books, in films. Elisa was intelligent. She was in a chess team. They had heard from an old man in a bar that a mansion just a few miles away would be haunted by the Gallagher family and that their souls appeared at midnight, who would have disappeared under strange circumstances as a result of a plane spit. They were intrigued by this history to go and see this mansion.

They had parked their car close to the point where the old man told them to go. When they got over the car the calm reigned but it was broken by the caw of a crow which startled Kelly. To go to the mansion they needed to enter a dark forest. After walking for 15 minutes they were in front of the mansion.

“Oh my god, this mansion is scary. It looks like *The Fall of the House of Usher*.” Karl said.

“Yes you're right, the gargoyles are creepy” Kelly answered

“Do you think that the door is open? It would be cool if we could discover this mansion!” Karl asked.

“I don't know, but with your strength, it will not be very difficult to shove the door. Let's go!” Elisa answered.

The group arrived in front of the door and Karl tried to open it”

“ It is but it's heavy. Brad!!!! Help me.” Karl asked.

“Calm down, I'm here,” Brad answered, moving towards Karl to help him.

They opened the door and discovered a big mansion with three floors and many spider webs. They decided to visit the different roofs and rooms. Unlike the other rooms, the library didn't seem to be abandoned. It was as if people used it or tried to protect it. They continued the expedition in the direction of the office when Brad accidentally dropped a vessel which contained a key.

“I found something, it's the key!!!” Brad shouted.

“It is really similar to a drawer key which is in my grandmother's house. Let us go to the office. I saw many drawers which were closed.” Karl suggested.

They found the doors of the office and tried to open every latch which was locked. Finally, they were able to open one of the drawers of the desks thanks to a key.

“It's a map of the library! It shows that if we move the third book of the second row, the library would move and a tunnel would open.” Elisa said.

A minute after Elisa finished speaking, they heard a sound that came from the garden. Karl watched at the clock which indicated 00.01 am. Afraid, they ran to the window and saw seven zombies, the light of their torch attracted the attention of the zombies who watched Karl in the eyes He was paralyzed, puzzled, and his friends watched in their turn the scene which took place in the garden. A few seconds after that the group surged down the stairs.

“Haaaaaaaaaaaaa! They are real zombies! They are real zombies!” the group said frightened by what they could see in front of them.

The zombies ran back to them. The group of friends finally found the kitchen but their torch no longer worked.

“Come with me in the kitchen. Block the door with a wardrobe.” Karl ordered.

“Is everyone here? I can't see anything in this darkness” Kelly asked.

“I'm here, Brad it's okay, Brad! Brad!!!. He is not here...” Elisa answer

“He has probably found another room to hide. When the torch will work again we'll go get him.” Karl answered.

After one hour they decided to get Brad but when they stepped out of the kitchen, they discovered that the position of the rooms had changed except for the library and the kitchen. They visited all the rooms on the first and second floors. Without meeting a zombie.

“It's really strange! Where are the zombies?” Kelly asked.

“I don't know! Maybe they went back to their graves.” Elisa answered.

As they arrived on the third floor they were shocked by what they saw. A trail of blood was on the parquet flooring. They followed the trail which led to a door. Elisa, her heart

heavy, slowly opened the door. They discovered the seven zombies who ate parts of Brad. At this moment their survival instinct took control of them. Without wasting time the three friends went to the library, pushed the book, took the tunnel to cross the fog, found their car and went to the police station that was close to them. They told a policeman about their story but...

“I’m sorry but there is no mansion to this position and least of all one which was the property of a Gallagher family. Moreover, there are no people to the name of Picky who live in Chicago.” the policeman answered

The group of friends came back to Chicago and saw that there was no trace of Brad, no house, no family, no other friends, nothing...



RESURRECTION

WRITTEN BY

ANATOLE LAPIE

The terrific story that I am about to tell you comes from my grandmother who was Scottish. It took place in the little castle of the Belington family near Ballantrae in the southwest of Scotland. At the beginning of the 20th century, it was a desolate place where the king was the wind and the queen was the rain. The building looked like a very big mansion with bow windows and a lot of spacious rooms with luxurious furniture, mirrors, and paintings which represented the pictures of the ancestors.

In this beautiful house, lived a young boy named Georges and his parents Mary and Daniel. Everyone could have believed that because the little boy had grown up in a rich family. Hence, he had no reason to have problems but his parents were very mean to him. Both of them used to belittle him every day and kept telling him that he wasn't normal like the other kids. Mary and Daniel Belington acted that way because they would have preferred to have a girl, but their dream was not fulfilled really and instead of that they had a baby boy. Since his first day, he seemed odd to them and this feeling grew as Georges grew up. No love for him, no interest from his parents, Georges was nothing more than a weird kid who created strange machines and objects since he had learned how to speak.

Abandoned to himself, with his dog Sweetie and the old housekeeper Jenny as his only company, he spent his time in the greenhouse in the park. Around the age of 10, he began to join pieces of metal that he found beyond, not without difficulty, then melted in the bread oven of servants. He then forged them to create a creature in human form that he imagined would one day come to life and keep him company. Nobody was interested in him except John, the old blacksmith of the village who visited him from time to time and helped him with difficult welds.

Over the months, his creature took shape and looked like a young child. Lest his parents take her away, he hid her under the workbench which contained pots of plants. He wondered how to bring his giant doll to life, it was an obsession. He would have loved her to come alive, look at him, talk to him.

Chapter 1 The Secret revealed

One day, George must have been fourteen, when he caught a conversation between his mother and father having tea, once again without him, in the living room.

“We have to make a decision, Daniel, I can’t stand George’s presence. I feel it, I know it, something bad is going to happen. This child is evil with all his stupid inventions. We must exile him from here before it is too late.” Ms Bellingotn said.

“Dear Mary, I know it is painful for you but that is how it is, he is our son, God sent him to us, we must do our duty and keep him close to us.” Mr Belington said.

“God? Don’t tell me about God! He took Cathy, our beloved daughter! What have we done to deserve this? Why did you take it from us? Remember that you are responsible for his death with your stupid experiments! If only you had closed your laboratory that day! If only!” Ms Belington said.

“Honey, let’s not talk about it anymore, I feel pretty guilty like that. I stopped everything for you, for her, for her memory. We have to forget this tragedy and get our act together. George had nothing to do with it, you know. He’s just a strange child like his father was. He’ll become a man soon and leave. I promise you, be patient.” Mr Belington said.

“I won’t hold Daniel, I’ll never hold. I want to join Cathy!” Ms Belington said.

George, who had remained hidden behind the heavy draperies that adorned the entrance of the salon, let out tears.

“But who was Cathy?” he wondered. “Why had no one ever told him?” He decided to ask Jenny and ran to the kitchens in the basement.

“Jenny! Jenny!”

“Calm down, George, calm down! What’s happening to you?”

“Jenny! Who was Cathy? Tell me! Who was she?”

“My God George! I knew one day I would have to tell you the truth. Cathy was your sister. She died just a year before you were born at the age of five.”

“But how? What happened?”

“Your father was a great scientist, George you know, very famous, way ahead of his time. He was looking for the chemical formula of life. It was his obsession. He worked day and night in his lab. One day, he left the door open, Cathy entered it as

he saw it and, attracted by the vials filled with dangerous products, she seized one whose pink colour had attracted her and the goal. She died instantly. Your parents were inconsolable, your mother did not want other children to cherish the memory of her beloved daughter. And then you came along.”

At these words, George ran into the greenhouse, took out his metal creature and took it in his arms. Most of all, he wanted to give her life. She would be Cathy, she was Cathy, and he would erase the pain of his parents.

Chapter 2 From Death to Life

After dark, George decided to enter the forbidden room, the one on the top floor of the Mansion. It was certain that this was his father's former laboratory.

He found the key under the floor and took it. A flame came out immediately. The key caught fire! Terrified, George let it go and ran down the stairs quickly.

"Jenny! Jenny!"

"What happened to you George?"

"I wanted to enter Dad's lab but the key caught fire!"

"George! You should not have! Misfortune will befall the house again!"

"The young boy went down and ran to his room."

During the night, he could not close his eyes, frightened by what he had just experienced.

The next morning, he decided to go to the top floor again. He saw the key on the ground, took it again and this time it did not catch fire. He opened the door delicately. A strange metallic smell was emanating from the room, dipped into darkness.

He cautiously went towards the back of the immense room from which a faint gleam escaped from under a door. Her heart was beating hard in her chest. He pushed the handle and found himself nose-to-nose with his father who, surrounded by flasks from which rose and green smoking liquids escaped, was leaning over George's creature!

"Dad! What are you doing? George screamed."

"George, my son, I knew that one day you would discover me. Come, come closer."

"But Dad! How did you find my giant doll? How do you know I've been working on this invention for several years now?"

"My dear son, you are the worthy son of your father and we will together raise Cathy, your sister."

"What? How?"

"You created her fleshy envelope, and I, since her death, only a year before her birth, continued my research on the potion of life that I had not completed and that had not allowed me to resurrect her. It is time for Cathy to come back."

George was terrified.

His father took two vials in his hands and mixed them. A brief explosion startled George. Then, Daniel poured the liquid into the metal hole that served as the mouth of the creature made by his son.

A terrible din was heard. The creature became pink and then white. A skin covered the metal all over the surface. Eyes came out of the metal sockets, two brown plums. Blond hair began to grow.

"Cathy! My dear daughter!" cried George's father. He advanced towards her to kiss her while George stayed amazed. At that moment, the creature woke up from the table on which she was lying and with a sharp blow, wrapped Daniel's neck and strangled him by shouting: «Revenge !»

Horrified, George runs away from the family mansion with his faithful dog Sweetie to never come back again.

Since then, in Ballantrae, everyone knows the story of Cathy Belington, the daughter of Sir and Lady Belington, who resurrected one autumn day fifteen years after her death.

The little girl who had never grown up attended her father's funeral, wrapped in her mother's coat which held her tightly, a smile on her face...

THE END

DEATH LIES BEHIND THE VISTULA

WRITTEN BY

HECTOR DANGY-SOLANO

CHAPTER 1

In all the years I've been travelling around Europe, I have come across numerous stories and legends, tales that can take away your breath, and keep you awake at night. But in the end, each and every one of them turns out to be a fraud, whether a lady wants to make some easy money claiming she can hear spirits from the beyond, or an old sailor wants to give the impression of being a brave seaman who has fought against the unspeakable.

This all changed when, in one of my business expeditions to the far reaches of the east, I came across this peculiar manuscript. It was signed by a British gentleman named Howard Porter, and I truly believe in its authenticity. All the investigations I made line up with the facts presented by Mr Porter; it is true indeed that in the year 1892, a certain Mr Porter travelled from London to the eastern regions of Prussia, in an attempt to reach Olsztyn as soon as possible. It is also true that on the night of December 31st 1892, he vanished in thin air, leaving the world of the living without a trace. The only proof of his journey lies before you, and I decided to present it in its entirety, the way I found it, with four letters and some pages of Mr. Porter's journal, that were kindly given to me by his own sister, Mrs. Mary Fisher. For the sake of Mr Porter's privacy, I have omitted some of the entries in his diary, but fear not brave readers, you'll get all the thrills and chills from Mr Porter's journey. However, for all travellers who want to rush into adventure, you must understand that the unknown lies out there, not only in the far reaches of Eastern Europe but also in the darkness of this very room. You have been warned...

Letter I

To Mr. PORTER, England.

Allenstein, Nov. 15th, 1892.

DEAR MR. PORTER,

Let me introduce myself, my name is Lukas Smierc, and I am writing to you from the Hospital of Allenstein in the Province of East Prussia.

It is with a heavy heart that I contact you, bearing news that requires your immediate attention.

It is with great regret that I inform you that your beloved mother, Emily Allen, has fallen ill, a victim of the winter. Her condition has worsened and she may only have a few days left to live. She requires your presence at once, as she wishes to say a final farewell to her firstborn son.

Our thoughts and prayers are with your mother, and we are hopeful about your arrival...

With sincere regards,

Dr. SMIERC

Letter II

To Mrs. FISHER, England.

Thorn, Dec. 18th, 1892.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I have finally arrived in Thorn. Sadly, my train suffered a short delay, due to a storm before we arrived, but I was so lost in my thoughts that it was already over when I realized what was going on.

To be honest, this whole affair makes me uneasy. What was Mother doing in the East Region of Prussia? We both knew she was travelling, but she never told us about this. Everything is a bit, well; off. I can't quite put my finger on it, but even the letter I received from this peculiar Dr. Smierc smells fishy.

But it will all be worth it, I eagerly await the opportunity to see Mother one last time. I shall update you on her condition, and we can discuss the inheritance with our lawyers upon my return.

Here, an icy cold prevails, and I can only envy you the gentle mist of London. I hope you are doing well there. The wind assails this place, and snowfall is abundant. The air feels different here, it is heavy at night—an eerie impression indeed, I must admit.

My German is very useful here. I am now waiting for a railway that can take me to Osterode, a city in the Eastern Region of Prussia. From there, my best chance is to travel alongside a local that's headed the same way I'm going. It's a risk, I know, but don't worry, your brother knows how to take good care of himself.

Yours,

HOWARD PORTER.

Letter III

To Mrs. FISHER, England.

Osterode, Dec. 30th, 1892.

MY SISTER,

The railway can't take me directly to Allenstein and walking would take me too much time. Luckily, I met a charming gipsy who graciously agreed to drive me by cart. He gave me a rendezvous at midnight in front of the church. I know that it sounds strange that he wants to travel during the night but I'm not in a position to complain.

In fact, the shorter I stay here, the better. The best thing is to leave in a few hours, as I wouldn't like to spend one night more in this gloomy city. Even in your worst dream, you can not imagine how dark and decrepit this town is, the snow is merciless and all the houses seem to have been built 100 years ago.

I hope you will get my letter and remind you that your brother is constantly thinking about you. I miss you, my dear sister, as much as I miss London. I look forward to seeing you soon. Take good care of yourself.

Your affectionate brother,

H. P.

CHAPTER 2

Howard Porter's Journal

30th Dec. 1892 — I had a peculiar dream last night; a creepy skeleton-like figure was standing in the shadows, right in front of me, holding a huge scythe and chasing me through a creepy cemetery.

After a strange night, I finally arrived in the soil of Osterode, in the Eastern Region of Prussia. As soon as I left the train, it was so cold I thought I was going to freeze alive.

Osterode is a dark and strange town. Buried under all this snow there may lie a beautiful city, but I'm unsure about it.

The Railway station is located on the outskirts of the city. On my way to the town centre, I had to walk through an old cemetery that was strangely similar to the one in my dream. There, a creepy graveyard that looked older than the others caught my attention. On it was engraved the name Basil Smierc. I wonder if it is linked to that strange doctor.

I am now resting from the terrible weather inside a cosy lodge, but I know the most difficult part of my journey lies ahead of me, no railway can take me to Allenstein, I better ask the locals for some sort of transportation. But for now, I will enjoy a bowl of hot soup and the company of Pavel, a kind Prussian who's keeping me company in exchange for some Soplica shots (some sort of Vodka from this region, very tasty indeed !).

(...)

I think luck is finally on my side, a fellow gypsy named Basil has agreed to take me to Allenstein in his cart this very night. He is an odd fellow, No one in the lodge knows him or has ever seen him for that matter. Which isn't a great sign. And I'm not so sure if travelling at night is a great idea, but he seems so sure and emphatic about it I had to trust him; besides he's my only option out of here, and for one thing, I won't have to pay for an accommodation for the night.

I have barely stayed here, I just had time to send a letter to my sister to let her know of my arrival. I hope the letter reaches her soon, I know she is worried about me.

31st Dec. 1892 — I've been travelling with Basil for a few hours now, we're past midnight, and with each minute that passes, we are closer to 1893. The trip is uncomfortable and long, Basil is not very talkative either, I'm not sure if he can speak German all that well, perhaps Polish is his native language.

He is silent and very pale; since we started our journey he hasn't uttered a single word. I told him again I needed to go to Allenstein, I don't know if he's ignoring me, or simply he's a man of few words.

Time had passed, I don't even know how many hours, the icy cold weather had frozen my train of thought and my feelings. After some time, Basil finally talked. Although with a slight German, accent, he questioned me, in perfect English: "Why are you heading to Allenstein, my friend?"

I was surprised by his question, I told him the truth, that I was seeking to see my mother for the last time. We talked for some time, exchanged life stories and suddenly the journey didn't seem so bad. Basil was an odd duck for sure, I barely had seen his pale face, covered in rags, but he struck me as a pleasant company. He was educated and spoke English, German, Polish and even Russian.

Even though the journey had become more enjoyable, Basil was still an odd fellow traveller. I had told him everything about my life and my journey, but he didn't talk about himself one bit. I pressed him to tell me something about him, how he knew so many languages and why he had not spoken to me until now, but all I got was a grim response:

"You are playing with something powerful, something you don't even understand or can comprehend."

"What are you talking about, I only want to know about you, we are travelling together to the same town, after all, what's so weird about that? I don't even know your full name..." I answered him.

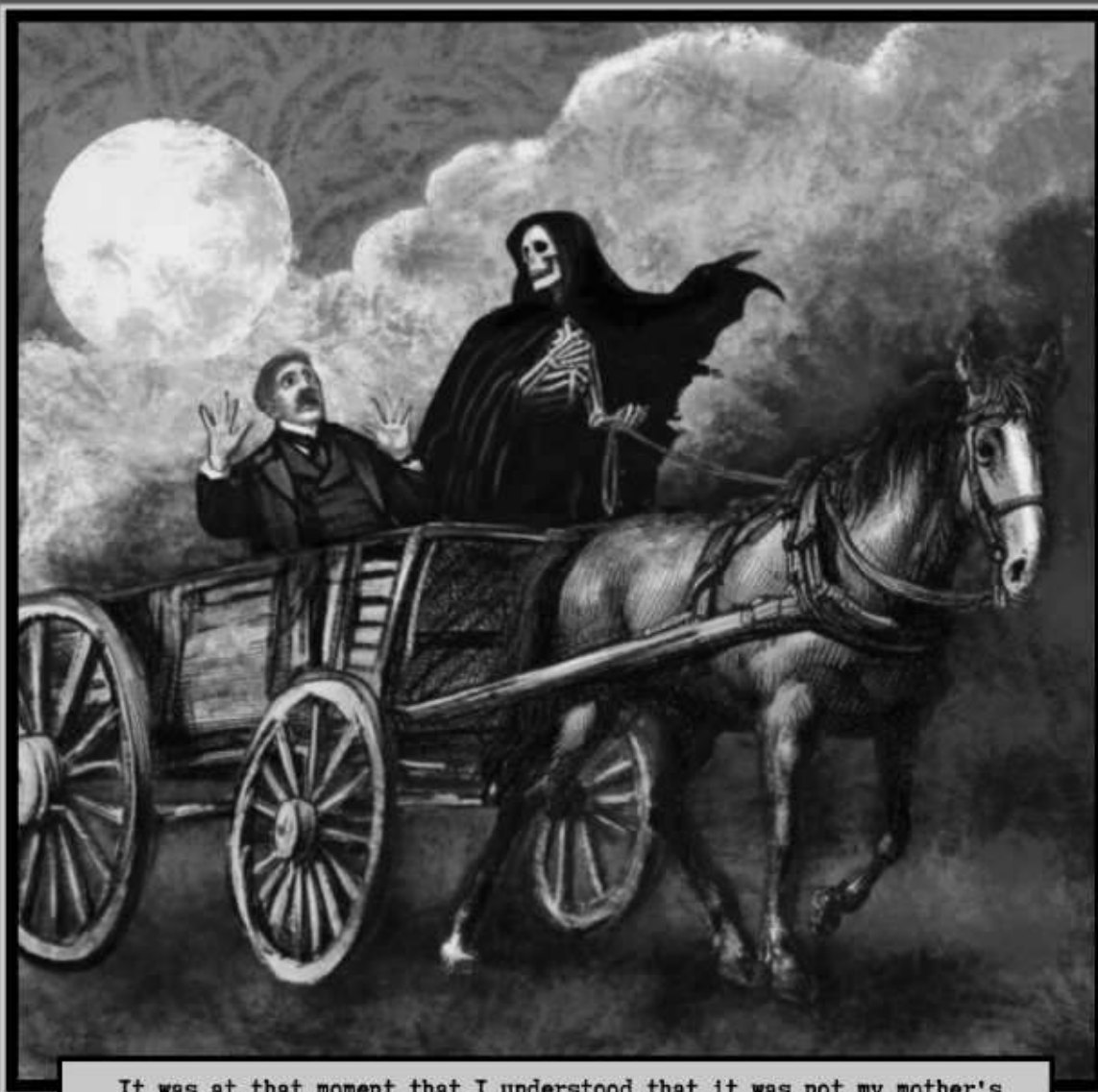
“All right, then. Have it your way Mr. Porter... my name is Basil Smierc...” he told me with a sinister tone.

I had heard that name somewhere before, but I couldn't remember where or when it hit me. Smierc was the last name of the doctor who wrote to me, not only that, but that was the name I saw in the cemetery earlier that day... my body shook with fear, and the cart started going faster and faster while the wind started blowing stronger and stronger.

Then, for the first time, Basil turned his head toward me revealing a truth beyond the realm of the living—he was no mere mortal but a skeleton adorned in the semblance of existence. It was at that moment that I understood that it was not my mother's death that was coming, but my own. It had all been a macabre game from Death itself. I write these words in my diary before leaving the world of the living, for those who can find them.

THE END.

DEATH LIES BEHIND THE VISTULA



It was at that moment that I understood that it was not my mother's death that was coming, but my own. It had all been a macabre game from Death itself. I write these words in my diary before leaving the world of the living, for those who can find them.

MURDEROUS PREACHER

WRITTEN BY

MARLEY LE GRAND DE MERCEY

My first step in that church felt like diving into the abyss: the place was so dark I couldn't see further than my nose. It felt way colder than it really was and I thought I'd probably freeze to death if I stayed here for more than an hour.

The church also felt way bigger on the inside than the outside: the sound of my steps echoed back at me way later than it technically should have. I was sent there to see if we could rehabilitate this abandoned church that looked like a ruin, I heard some rumours about a priest who secretly lived there, maybe he would collaborate... Whatever, this place really needed to change in one way or another. OUCH !!

I stumbled upon a big rock and fell, I briefly saw weird papers on the ground but couldn't read what was written on them. In a second, every candle in the church lit up out of nowhere and I heard the voice of an old man shouting gibberish seemingly out of annoyance.

I quickly stood up and apologised for the mess, my goal was to make him collaborate after all. He gazed at me disdainfully for a dozen seconds then calmly said he forgave me. His gesture drastically changed: he looked way less annoyed and was smiling at me. He wore a vestment and looked like a priest - maybe that rumour was true after all. He had curly white hair, a triangular-shaped face and astonishing yellow eyes. He was holding a big brown book with a strange symbol on it, one that I had never seen.

I took a brief look at the place, it was goddamn big! The ground looked incredibly crumbled, the windows were all broken, and a part of one wall was literally disintegrated.

"Hey! What are you doing here young man ?" he said.

I explained our project and he seemed interested - he invited me to a diner where we could talk about the issue - I then asked him if he lived there. He calmly replied: "Yes" - for some reason this sentence gave me goosebumps and I strangely felt anxious - I decided to not elaborate on that subject.

We ate on an old-looking wooden table with fancy cutlery and dishes, it felt surreal - the table was too big, the food too fancy and quickly cooked for an abandoned church - something felt wrong...

While the priest acted enthusiastic about this project, he acted a bit strange: he seemed constantly worried about something and was aggressive whenever I asked him questions about the reasons he lived there, the church's history and any

questions about the symbols there were all around his place that did not look at all like any Christian symbolism.

At some point, I asked him about one specific symbol I'd noticed on the church's door - it looked like a Christian cross with a flipped square in the middle and small perpendicular lines at the tip of each line.

His reaction was concerning: he started to talk about mystical spiritual practices that involved magic, sacrifices of human lives, blood and small animals. It seemed like they were a Christian-derived religion with a strange adoration for pain and human suffering, saying they please God by doing so.

This conversation started to feel so surreal and I felt more and more anxious. The priest talked so much about their fanaticism that I just couldn't follow. He explained this place was a gathering for other practitioners of this strange religion and that he was the one and only priest, adored by his believers. He tried to convince me to join this cult but I said no. His behaviour completely changed, I heard a ticking sound coming from the door of the church and he asked "Why? Why would you not join us? Don't you see we are cleansing this sinning world? Why is that not desirable? Are you crazy?" I said I didn't believe in God and just wanted to get out of here.

He shouted something in Latin and stood up with a dagger in his right hand, flipped the table and started walking towards me. I took my table knife and walked behind me as fast as possible. He aggressively ran at me while talking in Latin. I instinctively threw plates at him and managed to hurt him on the torso, I then flipped every chair between me and him to distance ourselves and threw my knife in the direction of his heart. I missed it. He did the exact same thing but didn't miss, his dagger landed on my left leg and I was unable to walk. I picked a chair and tried to throw it at him, It landed on his head and he instantly passed out.

I tried to crawl out of the church but found out the door was locked, I decided to crawl to the opposite side of the church where a part of the wall was destroyed, I noticed the priest had disappeared, at the time I was so tired that I didn't even realise what this meant, I just continued slowly crawled to the exit, I went to the nearest hospital in town and got my wound healed, I couldn't walk yet and needed to stay here.

After 4 weeks in the hospital, Oliver died in his sleep, doctors couldn't find out why and how, but he died.

THE OWL OF THE HAUNTED WOOD

WRITTEN BY

LILLY DIANKA

The story that I will tell you took place in Wistman's Wood, in 1850, during a late December night. A group of friends were talking about the curse of the wood and one of them said "Who can enter the manor?"

"You want us dead?! I don't understand?" someone laughed

"Oh no but just for fun"

"Please Amber, you are so strong."

"I don't think that is a good idea guys"

"You are not funny," one of the girls said.

"Yeah just try it we are just here pleasee!!"

"No you don't have to do it" Tobias said

"Yeah you know what, I'll do it," she answered

"Yeah!!" Everyone screamed. After a long moment of walking, they arrived in front of the big manor. Amber looked so anxious that everyone could feel it but no one wanted to help her. Except Tobias, who tried to stop her but she was so determined to do it that she wouldn't listen to him. After that, she stepped into the manor. It was very dark and scary, every sound that she heard made her scream a little. She suddenly noticed an open door, she was curious so she stepped through the threshold and a trap opened below her foot. She screamed so hard that everyone heard her: "Omg what happened -This was too scary for me I can't bye," said Charlotte

"Charlotte, Tom you can't leave her," Tobias said.

"Yes we can Tobias, Charlotte let's go"

"Okay come with us Tobias"

"No, I'm gonna save her! Leave if you want but you are so cowardly"

"If you want bye bye honey"

A few moments later Tobias entered the manor and screamed "AMBER ARE YOU ALIVE?" but no answer. Twenty minutes passed and a scream came "Please don't touch me". Tobias started to run and screamed for someone to answer. He went up the step and right in front of him was an ugly man. The man had the body of a human but his head was so strange, so abnormal, its head looked like the one of an owl. Tobias stayed there shocked, but the owl started talking to him.

"Hi my dear friend, do you have a problem, are you looking for something?". Three minutes passed and Tobias finally spoke.

"Yes, did you see a pretty girl?"

"Maybe -Oh really? where?"

"I don't remember well but give me something and maybe I'll be able to remember"

"Everything you want! She is so important to me!"

"Interesting. I want your head, your beautiful face."

"Pardon what?"

"Yes, as you can see I have a little problem. This is a long history but this is a curse, and the only way to return pretty is to drink the blood of a man. You are gonna die but if you don't give me your life I'll kill your pretty girl right?"

"Ok... but before that I want you to let her go, please"

"That's a deal!" the monster said happily.

Tobias was right now in a big room full of dead bodies. They have probably been there for more than a hundred years. Tobias was so scared but when he was alone, he thought about a plan. Suddenly he heard a scream again, it was Amber

"Please Tobias refuse that thing! It won't work he just wants your blood. There is no way to break the curse, he manipulated you"

"SHUT UP GIRL," Mr Owl said.

“I won’t PLEASE TOBIAS”

But at this moment Tobias heard something hit the floor and nothing after, he broke the door, took a chandler and ran as quickly as he could. He saw Amber half dead and the monster drinking her blood. Tobias didn’t think and stabbed Mr Owl. Mr Owl was so hurt that he couldn’t say anything. So Tobias carried Amber outside and prayed for her life. Tobias ran with Amber in his arms outside the woods and went to the first hospital he saw. Two days later, he learned that Amber was out of the risk. After this, twenty years later they still lived together and had two kids. But Tobias didn’t know that Mr Owl followed them during his whole life and had planned to avenge by giving a tragic end to his family.

THE DEAD SEA

WRITTEN BY

NINA SANVOISIN

Glencolmcille, 17th February 1990, Ireland.

Erin was walking down the stairs of her cute little house. It was 10 a.m. and she had to make her breakfast like every morning. Once it was done, she went outside in her garden and checked her mail in the letter box.

As usual, she found out her daily newspaper but while looking more closely, she also found a weird letter. She brought everything in the house and sat down in the kitchen to open the letter. She had no signature, no date, no address. When she opened it, the only thing she saw was a white sheet with writing in it an "address": it was saying: "grey house next to the R263 next to the beach.

At first very surprised, she went to ask her neighbours if the letter didn't belong to them. None of them knew what this letter and the address on it was. Erin abandoned the letter on her kitchen table and went to work. At the end of her day, she heard someone in the street talk about the mysterious disappearance of a young girl in the afternoon. Back home she turned the TV on and saw on the local news that every means were used to find any trace of the girl.

Glencolmcille, 18th February 1990, Ireland.

The next day, Erin immediately turned the TV on when she woke up, she had not been able to sleep due to the stress of this disappearance. The news she heard was so hurtful she almost puked, the police had found the dead body of the girl washed up on the beach and disfigured. When Erin went to take her mail, she found with fear the same letter as the day before. At first, she was tempted to call the police but she decided to not do it since she had no proof of any crime. As every day she went to work and heard something terrible, a new girl was missing. Going back home she was shaking so hard. Glencolmcille was a very small village, she knew almost everyone and she was so scared to learn about the disappearance of any of her friends.

Glencolmcille, 23th February 1990, Ireland.

It had been almost one week since the first disappearance and the first letter, the whole village was devastated and silent. The police hadn't been able to find any

clue or trace of any criminal. Erin was still receiving the letters and she was becoming mad about this story. Every afternoon a new woman disappeared and was found dead on the beach in the morning.

But, this morning, something had changed. The letter Erin received was even worse than every other letter. On this one, the same indications were marked but another sentence was in it: "You're next Erin". This revelation felt like a cold shower in Erin's mind. She couldn't think straight and her thoughts became blurry.

After a while sitting there in the living room completely lost and scared, she decided to not go to work thinking that staying at home was way much safer.

Unfortunately, staying here busy doing nothing was worse for Erin. She then made a big decision. She thought the only way for her to survive was to go to that address and see what the monster wanted her to see.

She took the keys to her car and jumped in the driver's seat. She started the engine, put on the GPS to the beach and rolled over faster than she was allowed to.

She parked her car at the beach parking lot and got out of her car. She started looking for the house described in the letters. She found only one gray house close to the beach. After taking some deep breaths she walked toward the house with apprehension. She knocked out the door to see if anyone was there but no one answered. The house was feeling disused and dirty. When Erin pushed the door she opened with a squeak sound. The house was covered with dirt and mould on the walls. The house had a second floor and the stairs to access it were so rickety that Erin was scared to use them. She got upstairs and looked for more information. When she thought she was over with this house and didn't find anything, she heard a crack over her head.

Turns out there was an attic in this house. Erin found the ladder to go upstairs and when she got in the attic, she had a retching of the heart like never before. In the room, there were tons of pictures of all the girls that had disappeared this last week. Those pictures were covered with sticky, dry or fresh blood. Erin heard a crack behind her back and with terror she turned around and saw a dark black mysterious

creature, we couldn't see his face but he got close to Erin who was retreating to try to escape him.

Suddenly he jumped on her and the last thing we were able to hear was Erin's scream of terror and despair.

Glencolmcille, 24th February 1990, Ireland.

On the TV speaker turned on in Erin's empty living room.

"Today, the 7th victim of the unknown murderer in Glencolmcille has been found dead on the beach disfigured like every other one, the difference with her was that she was alive when the police found her. It appears that the only thing she has been able to say was "Run away or die." The victim was led to the hospital right away and died a few hours after we discovered her."

Glencolmcille, 17th May 1999, Ireland.

After that, the whole Glencolmcille village listened to Erin's threat and they all left the village forever. Since then, the village has been known for this dreadful story and myths and legends are told about it today.

The end.

THE GRAVEYARD IN THE WOODS

WRITTEN BY

KYAN TAMADON

In the middle of the night. Cathie, Kenny and Donald liked to go to the woods around the graveyard. These three friends liked to be scared and feel high emotions. But after that night, they never came back to the woods and when they go out in the dark, they always remember that night.

That was a night like every other one. The three friends were playing in Kenny's house. Cathie and Kenny were always bickering to know who cheated. Donald was oddly more silent. Usually, he was more active he cried, talked and accused people more than the two others together. But this night he was quiet and nervous. Why? He didn't know, maybe a sense of foreboding.

"Why are you quiet? Are you angry?" his friends asked him.

"I don't know. I am not comfortable," he answered.

His friends didn't insist and continued playing less excited because they were a little bit disturbed and because they shared this same feeling now...

After midnight, they were used to going to the graveyard in the dark. They would go in the woods half a mile from Kenny's house around the graveyard and the woods. But today, weirdly, nobody wanted to get out, especially Donald who started to shout. But, because it was their ritual and after Kenny and Cathie insisted, the three friends got out of the house on tip-toes because of course they were not allowed to go out at 00:30 am.

On the road, Donald insisted a few times on coming back to the house because he had a bad feeling and said that it was okay if they skipped the ritual one time. His friends refused and told him he was a coward. They continued walking and didn't utter a word. The thing that he didn't know was that his friends were also afraid. All the way long to the forest, nobody said anything.

Once at the forest, Donald complained one more time but Cathie and Kenny didn't answer and started walking in the forest. After ten seconds, he ran into the forest to join his friends and shouted "WAIT WAIT I'M COMING!!"

The forest was very dark and dense, the trees were very tall and big. They were so tall that the moon could not be seen through their branches. It gave them the impression that they were so tiny compared to them, just like ants. The more they walked in the forest, the closer the trees were and they had to separate themselves.

Five minutes later they arrived at the graveyard, and they heard a sound. Like some flesh that was ripped. At first, they thought this was a hallucination but after they looked at each other and understood that they were all scared of what they heard. As they got closer to the graveyard, they saw something that would stay in their minds for eternity. A big big wolf eating an entire horse. The wolf was turned but they understood that the wolf was not normal and that he had a human head.

A big big wolf eating an entire horse. The wolf was turned but they understood that the wolf was not normal and that he had a human head. At first, it was 30 seconds feeling 30 minutes when the three kids just looked at the werewolf shocked.

After this they looked at themselves and without saying anything started to get out silently as soon as possible. After they moved on ten metres Kenny and Cathie looked behind and the werewolf wasn't there, he disappeared. They looked around and just realised that Donald wasn't there. They started to call him gently and more and more loudly and finished by crying his name, after a few minutes he started hearing a sound the same sound that he had heard before accompanied by Donald's cries. He started to run to the source of the sound and found it in a cave.

After entering the tunnel he saw the back of the werewolf always he's back and beside him was Donald. The werewolf was finishing his horse but after him, without a doubt, he was going to eat Donald.

Cathie and Kenny in a brave reflection decided to save Donald. Kenny threw the stone in a corner of a cave at the same moment Cathie started to run towards Donald. The werewolf is distracted for two seconds by the stones then he starts to run behind the two kids. But he got a stone on his head and another one and another, that was Kenny who threw all the stones at him. That was enough time for

Donald and Cathie to get out of the cave followed by Kenny and behind them the werewolf. The werewolf gave up and angrily cried out his despair.

The three kids had never run that fast in her entire life. They ran non-stop from the cave to Kenny's house. But now they were safe.

After they came back to the house they woke up Kenny's parents who of course didn't believe them. The next day they came back into the woods with the police and the parents and nothing. No horse, no cave and no werewolf. Everybody thought it was a joke or it was a hallucination, but Cathie Kenny and Donald knew that it wasn't.

The end.

GUILTY

WRITTEN BY

MANON GALLET

PART I

Dublin, 1893. Sean McPherson, a young medicine student, paced by the morgue. He was nervous and sweating, and stared at his hands shaking. The dissection course was going to start in five minutes and it was his first time; his college colleagues were all as anxious as him but they hid their feelings behind laughter.

The door opened squeaking to the old anatomy teacher, Sir Douglas, who invited students to enter the cold room with a theatrical gesture. The laughter stopped, tension was at its highest, and all students entered in silence. Sean's blood froze at the sight of the shape of the corpse lying under the white sheet. Sir Douglas, without saying a word, removed the sheet and made the introductions :

"Male, around forty, very tall and stout, died yesterday due to a working accident ...Who wants to start?"

Sir Douglas stared at his young students around him.

"Mr Robinson?... Mr Flanagan?... Mr Christchurch perhaps?"

Petrified, students remained in silence looking at their shoes. Some cleared their throats, others prayed not to be chosen.

"Oh, let me see... maybe our brave Mr. Mc Pherson?"

Pale as the marble, Sean swallowed looking at the teacher's finger pointed at him. He stepped forward to take the scalpel. He had never been lucky...

The professor went on to say:

"Mc Pherson, please show us if our client had a healthy liver, which I doubt, at first glance"

Sean hesitated... with his hand above the chest of the deceased. Then, to everyone's surprise, he slashed the flesh deeply with a quick, almost violent gesture. Blood splattered on his white coat.

Sir Douglas giggled in his moustache.

“Well done, young man! It looks like you’ve been doing this all your life !”

Uncomfortable, Sean grabbed the liver and said:

“After all, it’s like a big steak at the butcher’s. My mom would love to cook it !”

The other students laughed, as a relief.

In his heart, Sean was not proud of him, he was even ashamed. Making a bad joke at this very moment was really not very Christian. And after all, this poor fellow, even dead, deserved respect. Shocked and ashamed of his own words, Sean was not there anymore, was somewhere else lost in his thoughts...

PART II

The same evening, after dinner in the canteen, Sean's colleagues told him that the dead man was an honest blacksmith a little too interested in alcohol.

Sean would have preferred to know nothing about this poor man... Now he couldn't eat anything anymore. Gary Christchurch handed him a plate:

"Are you sure, Sean? Too bad... This liver is really tasty! Mium Mium !"

All the people around the table were bent with laughter while observing the young pale man standing up and leaving the canteen in a hurry.

Sean walked the dark halls of the faculty ... he had a bad stomach ache

He didn't feel fine being alone in his room. Once in bed, he tried to change his mind by reading a Dublin Journal recounting the epic of the railway in Ireland.

Suddenly a cold draught of air extinguished the candle! A heavy and metallic noise resounded in the room. Sean jumped up feeling a big thick hand resting firmly on his shoulder. Petrified, Sean was sure now, that it was the blacksmith who came to haunt him to avenge. The blacksmith had good reasons to be furious: What had he done to deserve to be treated the way he did?

Feeling guilty, Sean fell to his knees to ask for forgiveness. It was not his fault; he made this bad joke to try to control his fear. It was nothing personal. With no answer to his apologies, Sean tried to calm down by reasoning out loud:

"This is all my imagination. I am alone in my room, alone. I am a rational man, ghost stories only exist in Celtic legends or children's tales. There is no one, no one!"

On the floor, Sean crawled under his bed when a hand grabbed his ankle. Sean's body slipped, and he tried to grab onto the floor with his nails. Too late: he felt lifted and observed like a fish freshly out of the water. It seemed to him to have chains around his neck. Sean heard his vertebrae crack one by one... he was a medical student and knew what this cracking sound meant.

Using all his strength to come to his senses he thought the nightmare was over... but that he saw it now...The shadow of the blacksmith standing up in front of him... Sean had no choice but to find a way to escape...

PART III

Two days later, Sir Douglas met his students at the dissection room. Gary Christchurch blemished when he discovered the lifeless body of his comrade under the sheet: Sean Mc Pherson.

Sir Douglas proposed a minute of silence, after which he added:

“Too bad, dying so young! And what an idea to want to jump out of a window on the fourth floor. He was perhaps too fragile to be a doctor, I guess... Some sharp tongues could argue that he was the perfect example of severe paranoia, bipolar, insane irrecoverable. He should have gone to psychiatry. Don't you think?”

Nobody dared to answer. Sir Douglas sighed:

“Finally, this poor McPherson is still going to do something to advance science...”

He took a saw:

"Gentlemen, this is a unique chance... let's have a BRAIN DISSECTION !!!!!"

THE END

THE HAUNTED FOREST

WRITTEN BY

PRUNELLE PIOT

Today is Halloween. I planned to go on a picnic in the evening with my friends, in the forest near our high school. Rumours say that the forest is haunted, so we thought it would be fitting to go there for the Halloween night. "Couldn't we have just spent the evening knocking on the neighbourhoods' doors asking for candies like normal people ?", Sharon asks. The actual reason she didn't want to go with us isn't that she particularly liked knocking on doors, it was because she gets sick on cars.

"That's what kids do !", said Eric mockingly.

"Does Kevin even have a driving license ?", she asked.

"Maybe I do... Maybe I don't !"

"KEVIN !!!!"

"What ? It's only 15 minutes away !".

I laughed while watching the two fight.

"Amaryllis, do you think it will be fun ?", Eric asked me.

"Yeah, I think we'll be having tons of fun !"

When we got there, it was already time for dinner. "There's going to be a full moon tonight. Maybe we'll turn into werewolves !", I said and the others laughed. Sharon brought a book to help us find the edible mushrooms in the forest. Kevin said it would be funny to try out the forest's mushrooms. We found some mushrooms, settled somewhere and ate them as well as the food from the lunchboxes we brought. We chatted and laughed, time passed until suddenly...

"Ugh, I feel kind of sick", said Sharon.

"Yeah, me too."

"Me too.", said the boys. I was the only one who felt alright. Maybe it was because I didn't eat any mushrooms, since I don't like them.

"Maybe it's the mushrooms."

"But they're edible, it says so in my book !". We tried to brush it off and enjoy the rest of the evening until Kevin collapsed. "KEVIN !!!!". I rushed to his side, but then Sharon collapsed too. "No ! Sharon, Kevin...". I tried to take my phone, but it wasn't in my pocket.

"Amaryllis, I'll be fine, don't worry... Call an ambulance, please."

"I can't, I left my phone in the car !"

"Dammit, I don't have my phone either... Quick, go back to the car !".

I sprinted to the car, but when I was almost there, I saw a fire far away. I got closer and found out that the car was on fire. "What ? No ! Not the car !". I felt weak

and confused. I ran back to the spot where we settled, but no one was there. No one.

I felt shivers run down my spine. "Sharon, Kevin, Eric, where are you ?". I kept walking in the forest, and I kept calling their names, but no one answered. At some point, I heard a howl in the distance. I got scared and took a big tree branch that was left on the ground. The full moon shined in the forest, making it not very hard to see where I was going. Still, it felt like it was so dark. Then, I heard footsteps. They were getting near me. "Sharon ? Eric ? Kevin ?". The thing in the dark grew closer. It was a wolf, who wore Eric's clothing but ripped. It saw me, growled and chased me. I screamed in terror and ran as fast as possible. I was so scared knowing that it was right behind me. I kept running and running until the wolf lost track of me. I stopped near a tree, exhausted and breathing heavily. I tried to walk far away, not knowing where to go. I didn't know where the car was, and I didn't know where the picnic spot was either. "Amaryllis". What? That was a child's voice, one I had never heard before. "

What was that ?"

"Amaryllis, he's going to eat you".

Am I hearing voices? I try to ignore it and I keep walking. "The full moon turned your friend into a wolf". I turned to the voices, and I saw a group of translucent children. Are they... ghosts?

"You shouldn't have come to this forest. It was pretty careless of you, everyone knows that strange things happen there.". I tried to run, not wanting to hear the ghosts. I stop next to another tree.

"Amaryllis ?"

"Kevin !". I saw Kevin with a bloody arm. "It bit me... but I'll be fine."

"That wolf... It's Eric, right ?"

"I think so."

"Where's Sharon ?"

"She... didn't make it". I gasped.

"I took this tree branch, it may defend us against him. We should wait until tomorrow and hope that he turns back into human"

"Can't we try to drive ?"

"The car burned down...". I heard a growl. The wolf rushed to Kevin and bit him again. "KEVIN !!!!". Kevin screamed and tried to fight the wolf, but the wolf ate

him. The wolf turned to me and I tried to hit him with the branch, but as I did, I slipped on a dead leaf. I was on the ground, the branch was broken. The last thing I saw was the wolf's hungry look as it went towards me.

THE END



THE MONASTERY

WRITTEN BY SORHNA WADE AND NAELE ZENATI

MCDERMOTT'S CASTLE

WRITTEN BY MOMA LUCANO AND GASPARD BERNHEIM

DON'T REJECT ME

WRITTEN BY MARIANE BOUVET-LEVRAD AND VICTOR VASSMILT

MOON'S SCREAM

WRITTEN BY CHARLINE LUCAS

FEAR AND PAIN

WRITTEN BY VERANE ADANDE-GOMES AND AMINE OUBOUMOUR

ALONE IN THE ORPHANAGE

WRITTEN BY VALENTIN SANCHEZ-BESSE AND LEO CABOTTE

A BAT IN THE FOREST

WRITTEN BY CALEB BONNIOT-KARLIN

WEBBERVILLE SCHOOL

WRITTEN BY SAUL BURZ-PIETRUS

THE MONSTER OF DEADHORSE

WRITTEN BY YEMA KA AND NOAH WIERBICKI

THE GALLAGHER MANSION

WRITTEN BY GUSTAVE BUKAMP

RESURRECTION

WRITTEN BY ANATOLE LAPPE

DEATH LIES BEHIND THE VISTULA

WRITTEN BY HECTOR DANGY-SOLAND

MURDEROUS PREACHER

WRITTEN BY MARLEY LE GRAND DE MERCEY

THE OWL OF THE HAUNTED WOOD

WRITTEN BY LILLY DIANKA

THE DEAD SEA

WRITTEN BY NINA SANVOSSIN

THE GRAVEYARD IN THE WOODS

WRITTEN BY RYAN TAMADON

GUILTY

WRITTEN BY MANON GALLET

THE HAUNTED FOREST

WRITTEN BY PRUNELLE PIOT

